

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo,

Bar. Say what is Horatio there?

Hora. A peece of him,

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,

Hora. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio sayes tis but a fantasie,

And will not let beleefe take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,

Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe awhile,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our story,

What wee haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well sit wee downe,

And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;

Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe.

The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes a-

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it Horatio.

Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare & wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it Horatio.

Hora. What art thou that usurpst this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march : by heauen I charge the speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See staukes away.

Hora

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,

Is not this something more then phantaſie?

What thinke you of it?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleue,

Without the fencible and true auouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe:

Such was the very Armor hee had on,

When hee the ambitious Norway combated,

So frownde hee once when in an angry parle

Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice.

Tis ſtrange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead hour,

With Martiall ſtauke hath hee gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,

This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,

Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant watch

So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the land,

And with ſuch dayly cost of brazen Cannon

And forraine marte for implements of warre,

Why ſuch imprefce of ſhip-wrights, whose ſore taskē

Does not deuide the ſunday from the weeke,

What might bee toward, that this ſweaty haſt

Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who iſt that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At leaſt the whisper goes ſo, our laſt King,

Whose image even but now appead to vs,

Was as you know by Fortinbraſe of Norway,

Thereunto prickt on by a moſt emulaſe pride

Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant Hamlet,

(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemed him)

Did ſlay this Fortinbraſe, who by a ſeald compact

Well ratified by law and Heraldry

B 2

Did